

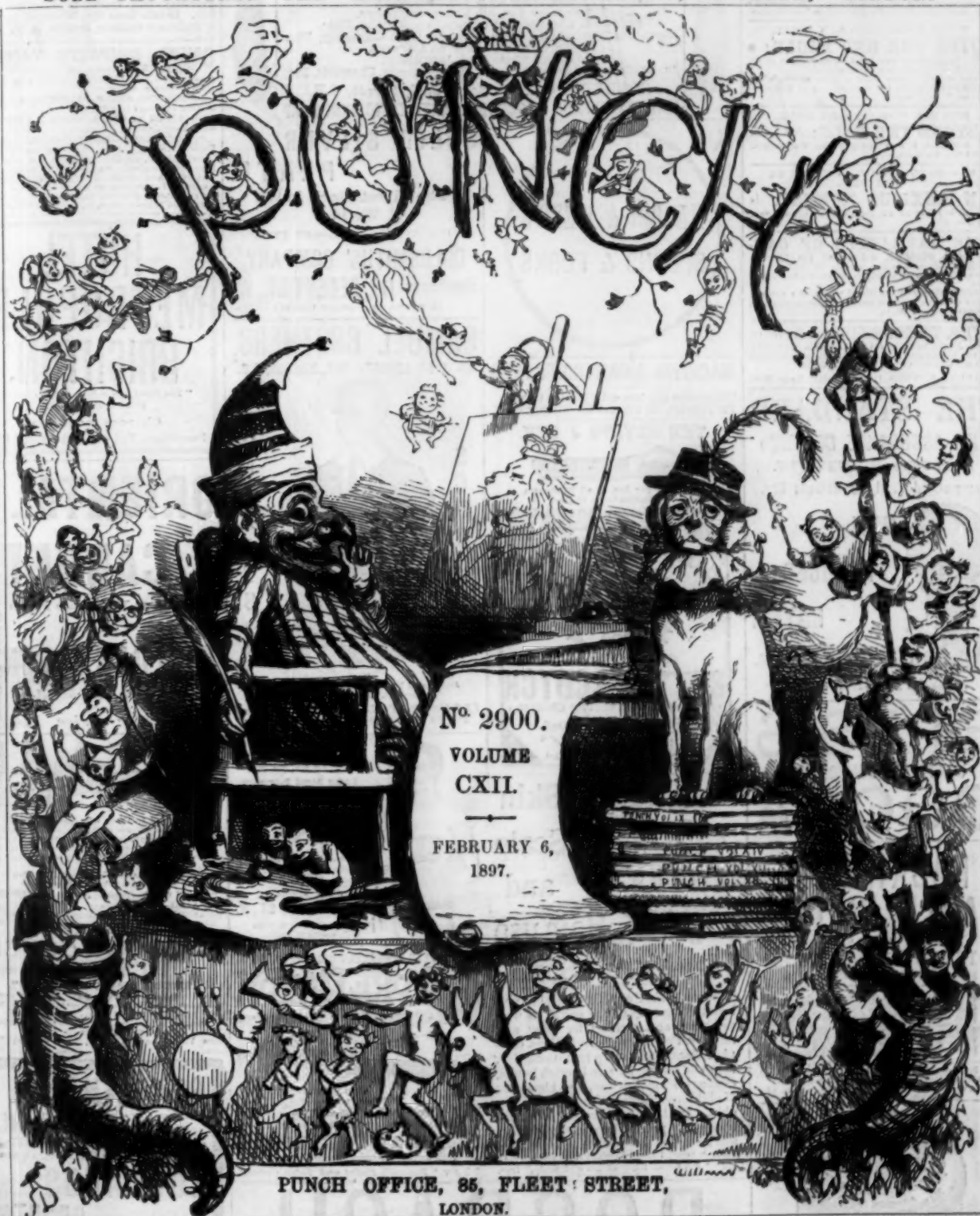
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LETTING OFF STEAM.

Nephew. "ULLO, UNCLE, HOW'S THE GOUT?"
 Uncle. "HOW'S THE GOUT! CONFOUND YOU! WHAT'S THAT INFERNAL THING ROUND YOUR NECK?"
 Nephew. "ER—ER—ONLY MY COLLAR, SIR, I BELIEVE."
 Uncle. "BAH! Y'LOOK LIKE A DONKEY LOOKING OVER A WHITE-WASHED WALL!"

JEALOUSY ON THE WING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I have read with much interest in the papers that Lord MALCOLM of Pottaloch has introduced the startling on to his estates in Jamaica in order to repair the ravages of the mongoose. But what has the latter ravaged? Surely not the great Argyll chieftain? I would back him against all the mongeese, aye! and all the mongoslings, too, in the world. I know the mongoose well, and so, possibly, do you. He is a being unfitted to be trusted alone, especially in Jamaica, where rum is grown so freely. Evidently, however, he has miscondacted himself, or Lord MALCOLM would not have sent for the starling. But why the starling? I never heard before that he was good at repairs. The tailor-bird I could understand, but not such a Pecksniffian biped as the starling. If Lord MALCOLM has been ravaged he could surely have applied to a neighbouring beak or to

Yours truly, SEPTIMUS SPARROW.

Of a Gallant Marksman.

[SIR HOWARD VINCENT, M.P., last week failed to induce the House of Commons to pass a measure amending his own Merchandise Marks Act.]

SIR HOWARD'S game it's easy quite to see,—
 Though to the House it's just the best of larks.
 If Man of Mark Sir Howard cannot be,
 At least he'd like to be a Man of Marks.

At Bournemouth.

Irate Ratepayer (to Municipal Councillor). What's the good of a Winter Garden here, Sir?
 Municipal Councillor. Only by way of contrast. To show that we have no winter.
 [Exit Irate Ratepayer, puzzled.]

A SONG OF DETECTION.

(Adapted to the latest Literary Methods.)

I'm the latter-day prince of detectives, a sort of lieutenant to Fate;
 I can track out a crime or detect a *faux pas*, or unravel a plot while you wait.

If a father gets lost, or a wife disappears, if the heir to a will is mislaid,

I produce him at once, and dispatch him by rail with the carriage correctly prepaid.

No amount of disguise

Is too great for my eyes;

My mind never falters or dozes,

Though they add to their chests

By inflating their vests,

Or construct a new bridge to their noses.

But I'm always precisely at hand with a clue,

And my price is—but there, I can leave it to you.

If a statesman with orchid and eye-glass goes out for his five-o'clock tea,

He may think himself wrapped in an ample disguise, but he can't get the better of me.

I am off on his heels in a moment, and into my note-book he goes
 As a fighter of grit who is like Mr. PITT, though he hasn't the gout in his toes.

Down he goes in my notes

With his talent for votes,

And his style which is dapper and dressy,

With a hint at the fall

That he got from OOM PAUL,

And the faithful devotion of JESSE.

And his name, which is somehow connected with screw,

Is—you know it, of course, so I'll leave it to you.

Last week I detected a coster, at least he was rigged up as such,
 With a can-full of naptha to light up his cart and someone to act as his Dutch:

His goods were the whelk that you swallow alive and the shrimp you devour when he's dead,

And a cap fashioned whole from the skin of a mole adorned and protected his head.

But I knew him at once,

Since I wasn't a dunce;

In rhymes he was really a trader;

For he dropped on the road

Half a sonnet, an ode,

And a ballad addressed to a raider.

With some cantos of blank that I failed to read through—

If you're anxious to guess him begin with A.U.

When the criminal class is quiescent, the blue-coated constable comes

To his beat with his helmet and truncheon, and there he just twiddles his thumbs.

Oh, it's then that, to tickle the popular taste, and that without thinking of pelf,

In a fraction of time I invent a new crime, and commit and detect it myself.

For a plot of my own

I can follow alone,

Whether others adopt or eschew it;

And it adds to your fun,

If you want a thing done,

To go out by yourself and to do it.

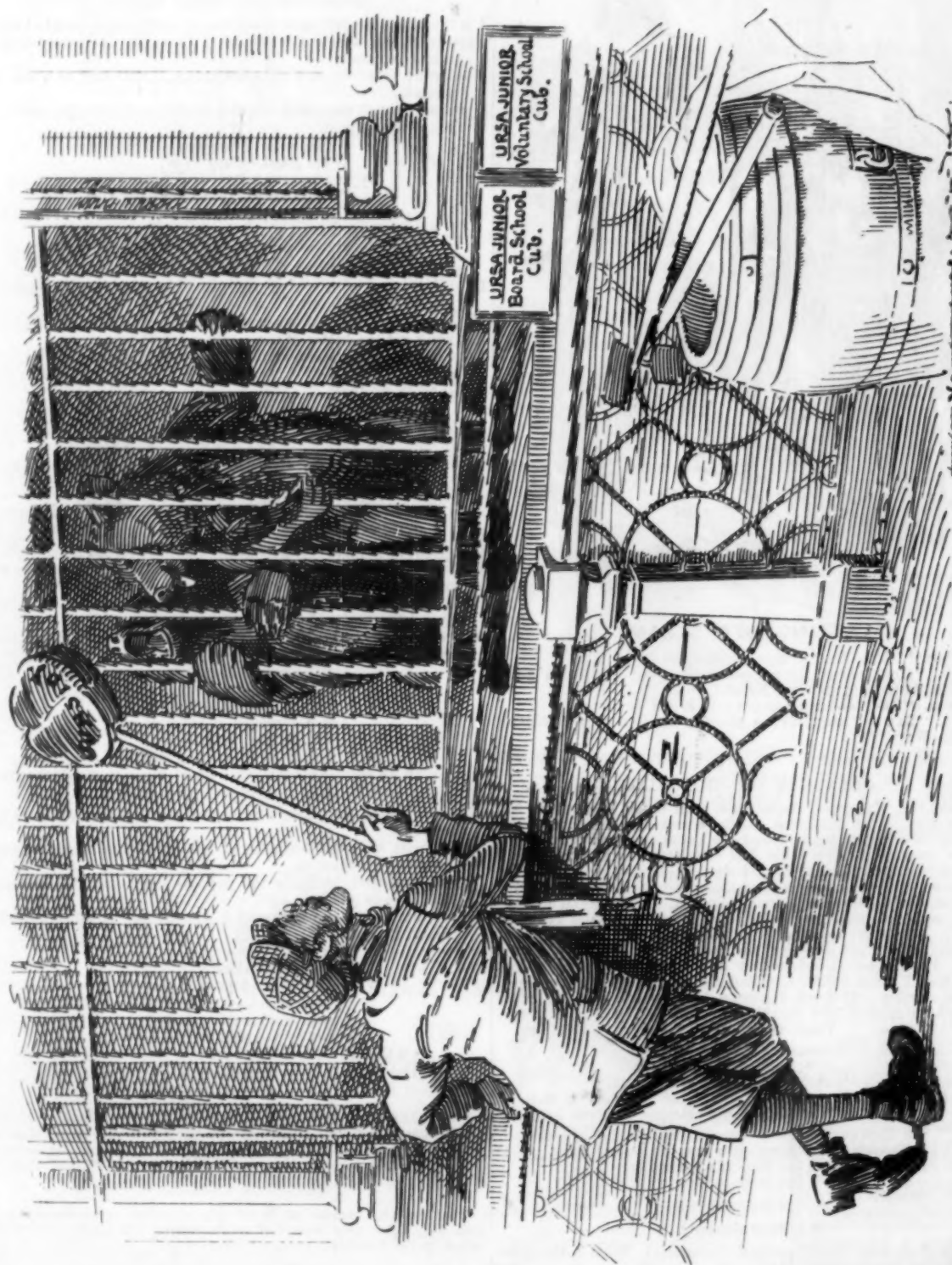
Of the sleuth-hounds of crime I have met one or two,

But the name of the best—well, I leave it to you.

OUR LATENT COLONY (IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD).—In the prospectus of a New Parisian Hotel, Sir JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P., V.G.F. (or Very Good Fellow), is described as "Governor of MAPLE and Company, Limited." Henceforth we shall furnish on the higher social system.

SEASONABLE CHANGE OF NAME (by our own irrepressible one, still dodging).—Our metalled roads during the frost have been called (after NANSSEN'S ice-ship) Fram-ways.

PRIVILEGED PROVERBIAL PERVERTERS OF THE TRUTH.—Sleeping dogs.



THE BEARS AND THE BUN.



SUMMING UP THEIR MERITS.

Cyclist (arguing with Friend on the way home from hunting). "WELL, ANYHOW, OLD CHAP, MINE CAN GO WHEN IT'S PUMPED OUT, AND THAT'S A LOT MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR YOURS! TA-TA!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Playgoer visits Ibsen and meets with an old acquaintance.

LAST night I went to see a play,
A drama up-to-date,
Wherein a woman holds the sway
With love and rage and hate:
A kind of nightmare on the boards
That I thought very coarse;
French wit played not on laughing
chords—

'Twas taken from the Norse.
I do not like these dreadful homes
Of dirty-linen dreams,
Where Commonplace is writ in tomes
And ranted out in reams!
Where Nature's painted as a brute
And Mankind as a sot,
Where Common Decency is mute,
Because they know her not!

Give me the fables of my youth,
When Virtue reigned supreme!
The striving after what is truth,
And not a filthy dream!
The village maiden sore distressed
I'd rather gaze on far,
Than look upon, with mind oppressed,
This harmony in tar!

Long, long ago—ah me, how long!—
A little maid I knew,
She sang a little plaintive song,
And sang to very few.
'Twas all about the buds in Spring
And bells that sweetly chime;
E'en now I hear that ditty's ring,
The while my heart beats time!

A tenth-rate playhouse was the scene,
Where sang this little maid
Of how she welcomed back the green
In Spring, but half afraid
Of what the Summer sun might bring,
Or Autumn's ruddy glow,
She yet would sing the Song of Spring
E'en 'mid the Winter snow!

I loved—the moral of that song!
I loved—its trite refrain!
I loved—the symphonies all wrong!
I loved—the simple strain!
I loved—the singer's untrained voice!
I loved—her shake untrue!
I loved—the darling of my choice!
I loved—the girl I knew!

And through the blatant farce last night
That song I seemed to hear,
E'en when the heroine's weird flight
Made ardent pittites cheer.
E'en when she went at last to rest,
Dishonoured and undone,
My heart kept time within my breast,
For she and you are One!

At the Fox-earths.

Mr. Charley Pug (to Mrs. Charley Pug, on the fifth day of the frost). Don't you think, my dear, we might go and look at the skating on Brittlesea Mere? It would be better than doing nothing!

SUBURBAN SENSE.—MR. GRANT ALLEN says that "Clapham is never dumb." But, lying on an elevated plain, it is, alas! deaf to the voice of the hill-top charmer. Is it this fact which annoys the man who didn't?

ADAM AND AN APPLE.

In the charming performance of *As You Like It*, at the St. James's Theatre, the banished Duke and his followers appear to live on a diet of raw apples. It is doubtless as good as the Grape Cure, the Whey Cure, or any other cure. But when Adam, a man of eighty, nearly dead from exhaustion, is revived with a large, cold, raw apple, our admiration for the Apple Cure is vastly increased. And when this aged and almost dying man, instead of having a fit or falling dead, walks and talks gaily, our admiration for the Apple Cure is unbounded. The only improvement we can suggest is that Adam should sing the following song in place of the one written for Amiens:—

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Hang me if I shall mind,
I've tried the Apple Cure;
And after eating these
I care not if it freeze,
All cold I can endure.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green apple,
With which my digestion can gleefully grapple.
Then heigh-ho the apple
Warm as graveyard chapel!
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As does the Apple Cure
I'd eat a lump of ice,
It would be quite as nice,
Though not perhaps as pure.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green apple,
To keep us all out of the grim graveyard chapel.
With, heigh-ho, the apple
I even can grapple.

DESCRIPTION OF MR. RHODES BY A LITTLE ENGLANDER.—An amalgamation of high-ways and by-ways.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VII.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AN Assistant writes:—"In *Leaves in the Wind* (ELLIOT STOCK) Mr. A. C. DEANE has gathered together some very charming and very clever pieces of verse that have appeared in various periodicals. Light verse is easy and delightful to read just in proportion as it has cost its producer thought and labour. The apparently inevitable words, the happy turns of a sentence, the unforced patness of the rhymes—how simple the whole thing looks when done, how hard it is to do. Now, Mr. DEANE's technical skill is very great, and his verses ring musically and pleasantly without a single jar or discord. And here and there he strikes a deeper note, but he never forces it unduly. He is to be heartily congratulated on his latest little volume."

THE BARON

Hyndman the Hinderer.

Who says that British rule is India's curse
Must be indeed a bigoted and blind man.
Saying it at this crisis makes it worse.
Let each man close his mouth, open his purse,
And "dickens take the hindmost"—or the Hyndman!

THE WHALE FOR THE BULL.—We understand that in consequence of recent developments, the name of Boscombe is to be changed to that of Belugachine.

MADE IN GERMANY.—Much of our "British Patriotism" of the pinchbeck, or German-silver, sort, apparently.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—Ah, *quel en-tête*, what in head I come of to write! London! I have ventured to make you part of my impressions of some towns of province, but until here I have not spoken of London. It is not a town, it is a department, a country, of houses! But in fine, in preparing my guide, *je dois aborder*, I ought to board this great subject. I go to do it by *degrés de temps en temps*, of time in time, and I commence at present by some parts of the City, the most great *arrondissement* of London, and the veritable centre of the commerce of the world.

As me the most part of the voyagers gain the City in going from the "Westend" by the street which calls herself the Strand. As me they think probably to the great town and to her history of thousand years. They come to see the magnificent centre of commerce, the most great and the most rich town of the world, the proud capital of the britannic Empire, the Rome of the nineteenth century. When they are thus impressed of respect and of admiration, what is this then the first monument which they meet? Is it a statue as that of BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI, which one sole Italian town erected four hundred years before the epoch of the universal suffrage, of the national education and of the official schools of the beautiful arts? Is it a statue worthy of the britannic Empire, thousand times more rich than the ancient Republic of Venice?

At the entry of the City, in face the Palace of Justice, one searches, one regards, one leans the head in outside of the "handsome cab." What is this that this is that that? *Ca? Allons done*, let us go then! *Oh, la, la!* But, say then, a monument to make to die of to laugh! Planted there, absolutely at the middle of the street, a monument of the most ridicules, of the most divertings! In regarding this droll of dragon, who would can to think of the dignity of London? The most serious of the greek philosophers, who knew themselves without doubt in sculpture, of which they were surrounded of so beautiful pieces, would have burst of to laugh. The most silent of the Red Skins, men still more solemn, and ignoring absolutely the sculpture, would laugh à gorge déployée, at throat unfolded. The English soles are enough serious and enough solemn for to pass this monument without to show the least little smile.

As to me, each time that I see him I laugh again. The first time I believed him an announce, a *réclame*, of some "pantomime." But no! It is an announce of the beautiful arts of London, of the good taste of the municipality. It is the unique pleasantery of the solemn Londonians. At some steps from this monument, *Mister Punch*, finds himself your *rédaction*, your office of redactor in chief. May I to say that he is never come from there any pleasantery so enormously droll as this pleasantery in bronze? The Londonians are calm and serious, but at the foundation they must to be one can not more laughers. One would have beautiful—on *aurait beau*—to search at Paris, town so gay, a statue as that!

And of more. A statue of your great and good QUEEN should to be placed on a pedestal as he must, *comme il faut*. But on the hideous base beneath this dragon of pantomime, in a position absolutely indignant, and splashed of the filthy mud of London, find themselves two miserable statues which represent, one has told me, the QUEEN and the Prince of WALES. See there the respectful homage of the City of London!

However, *Mister Punch*, I wish not only to blame, I venture also to suggest. This year here the English celebrate the long and glorious reign of Her Majesty. All the world desires to erect some monuments worthy of a sovereign so illustrious and so venerated. The municipality of London could do better than that, in destroying rather than in erecting. It would be the best evidence of their respect towards the QUEEN that of to make to disappear this frightful monument and the two statues.

As to the dragon, *voilà* a beautiful gift for your friend LI HUNG CHANG. Only, as he is aged, and as he laughs never, the view of a dragon so infinitely more hideous than the most frightful dragon of China would could to kill him of horror. He would value better, perhaps, to sell this *cauchemar en bronze* to the Theatre of Drurylane. Agres, &c., AUGUSTE.

Two Ways of Looking at it.

"I NEVER," said the agrarian professor, "look upon a corn-field without thinking of the boundless beneficence of nature in the great bread question."

"Nor I," chimed in the MacTAVISH, "on an acre o' barley but that I joost contemplate the workings o' Providence in the matter of whuskey."

AMERICA DAY BY DAY.

VERY INTERESTING TO LONDONERS.)

(By Our Special Fédneur.)

New York, January 26.—There was a snowstorm here last night, which effectually concealed the up and down paving of Broadway, but was highly appreciated by some of the younger members of the Upper Four Hundred, who indulged in a game of snow-balls just as the visitors were leaving the Metropolitan Opera House. The weather did not, however, interfere with the Spoof-Hop given by Mrs. General SPILINS (wife of the Hon. General SPILINS, the great rag and bone contractor), and the gathering was quite one of the successes of the season. Each guest on arriving was presented with a diamond toothpick, which came in very handy after the supper of truffled oysters, stuffed terrapin, and canvas-back ducks on toast, the whole being washed down with '84 champagne in Jereboams only. Among the principal belles present were Miss CHINKIE COCKLERNAPPER (a member of one of the old Knickerbocker families), a delicate blonde with gold hair and teeth; Miss WOOTSIE WAMPUN, the very brunette daughter of Commodore WAMPUN, President of the Brighton Beach Yacht Club; Miss HIBERNIA MACGRUDDERY, second daughter of ex-Judge MACGRUDDERY, Proprietor of the Erin-go-bragh blend of whiskey; and Mrs. PINKUS-PORKUS, the widow of the eminent Cincinnati provision merchant. She was formerly the wife of Senator JUMBLES, and, when divorced, married Governor HOUELA of St. Louis (Mo.), whom she divorced in order to espouse Mr. PINKUS-PORKUS. Mrs. SPILINS, who wore a green gauze gown trimmed with beaver fur, Valenciennes lace and rubies, danced the cachu on the table after supper, and Mr. LEONIDAS B. SPROUT (one of the ancient Pilgrim Brussels-Sprouts) led the cotillon, into which a live sucking-pig and a Virginian 'coon were introduced with most humorous effect. General SPILINS had on a pair of boots which once belonged to Marshal BLUCHER, and was much congratulated on their acquisition.

A marriage was celebrated this morning at the 990th Avenue Hotel between Mr. JOSHUA XERXES GRAB, of Wall Street (reputed to be worth eight millions of dollars), and Mrs. JANE JEMIMA VANTOFF, perhaps better known at the Court of St. James's as Mrs. L. J. CORKINGTON, she having been separated definitely from Mr. CORKINGTON last September. The ceremony was attended by the *élite* of New York aristocracy, and the bride, who wore a gown of artificial orange-blossoms on satin, and a sixteen-star diamond coronet, was given away by Mr. NATHANIEL ZEUS CORKINGTON, nephew of her late husband. The wedding breakfast was served on the roof of the Hotel in a glade of palm trees specially imported from Africa, and known as the Riviera Retreat. I have never seen such a coruscation of combined loveliness and jewels as was here exhibited. The happy couple left in the evening for Mr. GRAB's palace in Florida by special Pullman train. They are to be the guests next season of the Duke and Duchess of DHUNNIWASAL, at Skelpie Castle, in Scotland.

Things theatrical were rather dull till Mlle. TOUPICHON, known as the Living Top, was arrested to-night by the police after her exhibition at Clam's Temple of Fame. Her performance consists in spinning on her nose. Judge VAN PUMPELBECK held the lively artist to bail, on her own security, in five thousand dollars. The event has created great excitement in fashionable circles.

CONFIDENCE FOR CONFIDENCE.

In a lecture upon the Art of Interviewing, delivered before the Society of Women Journalists, an expert suggested that an important advantage was gained by the interviewer if he made a favourable first impression upon the interviewed. This seems highly probable. So Mr. Punch sees no reason why he should not give a helping hand to those adopting interviewing as a profession. To the young personal inquirer he says by all means make a favourable first impression upon your subject. There is a right way and a wrong way to do it. He will give some examples.

Supposing that the youthful interviewer has to see an archbishop. He gains the presence chamber and finds the dignified ecclesiastic waiting to receive him. Supposing that he seizes the cleric by the hand, and, calling him "Reverend Sir," asks his opinion upon the chances of the winter favourite for the Derby—why, this would be the wrong way of doing it, and very likely create a most unfavourable first impression.

But supposing that instead of acting as described the young beginner respectfully bows before an archdeacon, calls him "archbishop," and respectfully invites "His Grace's" opinion upon the condition of the Diocese. Although he would have made a



BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Lady Binks (a devoted widow, earnestly). "OH, MR. CRICHTON, BE CAREFUL HOW YOU MARRY! SIR PETER, WHO, AS YOU KNOW, ROSE TO THE HIGHEST POSITIONS, USED FREQUENTLY TO SAY, THAT MORE MEN OWED THEIR SUCCESS TO THE BEAUTY AND SOCIAL CHARM OF THEIR WIVES, THAN TO THEIR OWN ENERGY AND TALENTS."

Mr. Crichton (plunging on the "nil nisi bonum" principle). "SURELY, LADY BINKS, NONE COULD SAY THAT OF SIR PETER!"

mistake in the titles of his subject (for which the archdeacon would gently chide him), still, he would have created a very favourable impression.

Lastly, here is another way. Supposing a young man has to interview a literary lion, who can dispose of his work at so many shillings the line in any quantity. Remembering this, the visitor, instead of wasting the time of his subject with idle questioning, might thus address him:—"My good Sir, all you may tell me will make excellent copy, and on that account, as only a pen stands between your words and the printer, I think it is only just that you should derive profit from your own brainwork." Probably this last method would be considered—by authors, at any rate—the best of the three. And, perchance, it might come about that the interviewed would address the young interviewer as follows:—"My good friend, as you have still your way to make I will do you a kind turn. You have been frank and considerate, and I will reward you. Here, I don't want to deprive you of a task that may lead to further advancement in your career as a promising journalist, but as I would rather that there should be no mistakes, I will write the interview myself! If it is too favourable, or the reverse, your editor's blue pencil will know how to deal with it." And then, with a hearty shake of the hand, Interviewing Cox and Interviewed Box would both be satisfied.

At Bath.

Wiffing (sympathetically). Here on account of the waters?
Piffing. No, unhappily. Here on account of the whiskies.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Jones. "I say, Miss GOLIGHTLY, IT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME, YOU KNOW. IF I'VE TRIED THIS SONG ONCE, I'VE TRIED IT A DOZEN TIMES—AND I'VE ALWAYS BROKEN DOWN IN THE THIRD VERSE!"

A SHEET-LIGHTNING DESCENT.

[On the burning of her house in Greavener Street, the Dowager Countess DELAWARE knotted two sheets together, and safely descended from the burning building, January 26.]

We have heard of great pluck in disaster,
Of courage in dreadful defeat,
But a Countess has known,
And in peril has shown,
How a woman can yet be the master
Of fearsome retreat

By means of a sheet—just a sheet!
All praise to the Countess—and thanks to
the sheet!

Toujours la Politesse.

MR. SPAWKINS has placed twenty francs en plein on No. 23 (his own age) at the tables of Monte Carlo. Madame la Comtesse de VIEILLE-CRUCHE proceeds to rake in the spoil when the coup comes off.

Mr. Spawkins. Hi! Madame! confound it all! That was my Nap!
Madame la Comtesse. Mille pardons, Monsieur. I am so borgne—blind. Permit me that I return you your stake?

[Hands SPAWKINS a gold piece, and vanishes before the Briton has recovered from the shock.]

TO TOM.

A BRAVE BOROUGH BOARD-SCHOOL BOY.

(By an Elderly but Earnest Admirer.)

["Oh, he is a good boy—and such a one for readin'! He takes his 'rithmetic books to bed with 'im! That were his only fault—for light is very costly."—Mrs. Pullen, on her grandson "Tom," a Board-School Boy in the Borough. See "Studies in Board Schools," *Daily News*.]

Yea, light is very costly, as the wisest find, or mostly,

But TOM of Lant Street Board School, you're a brick, and no mistake!

A great GERTIE well might glory in the hero of this story.

He cried for "light, more light!" But

TOMMY, can you keep awake With arithmetic in bed, Sir? You must have a steady head, Sir.

And an eager zeal for learning that beats ALEXANDER hollow.

He kept himself from drowning by a brazen ball, arousing

Him from nodding by its tumbling. An example good to follow!

But you've bettered it! How thorough, my young student of the Borough,

Must be your love of knowledge, when you take your sums to bed.

I am sure multiplication cannot signify vexation

To a boy so fond of book-lore and with such a wakeful head.

Why, I do not mind admitting, though I know that study's fitting

To a fellow who means business, and intends to make his way,

That the Rule of Three at Night, Sir, would have filled me with affright, Sir;

For I couldn't always fix my thoughts thereon, TOM, *c'en by day!*

Young TOM PULLEN, you're a wonner, and at study quite a stunner,

And I wish you luck, TOM PULLEN, and may granny never stint

The extra bit of candle to enable you to handle

O'er your pillow ciphering problems,—they're not all "as plain as print,"

As I happen to remember; though I did not, in December,

Take arithmetic to bed with me—'twas mostly SCOTT or DICKENS,

Or some story book or novel. But oh! in a Lant Street hovel,

Where the sun is ne'er too bright, TOM, and the night-mist early thickens,

Though the board school is a boon, TOM, and I trust you'll shine there soon,

TOM, There would be excuse for nodding o'er your lessons. But you don't!

Your granny, TOM, has said it, and it's vastly to your credit,

And whoever makes a mull of life, dear TOM, I'm sure you won't!

Lactéal Veracity.

Squire (to Mr. Pails, the great dairy-farmer). Bad time for the cows during this frost, eh?

Mr. Pails. Dreadful, Sir. You wouldn't believe how the ice interferes with the flow of milk. But they recognise the fact in the great metropolis. I'm sorry to say.

[And so does Mr. Pails.]

CON. FOR THAT CONCERN.—What is the use of an "Ottoman" that cannot be "sat upon," or a *Porte*—however sublime—which cannot be "shut up" when needful?



AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

1795.—1897.

SHADE OF WARREN HASTINGS (to MR. C-C-L RH-D-S). "I SUCCEEDED, AND WAS IMPEACHED! YOU FAIL—
AND ARE CALLED AS A WITNESS!"



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1891-1892

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CHICAGO, ILL.
1891-1892



DRY HUMOUR.

"BE'N'T YE COMIN' OVER FOR 'IM, MISTER!"

A CALL FROM ARMS.

GOOD MASTER PUNCH,—We address you, as you have an heraldic disposition. You have not two supporters to your arms (unless you count your staff), but you have one—a faithful one—in dog Toby. And on his account you will feel for us—at least, that is our hope and impression.

For a very long time we have been accorded comfortable quarters—or, we should say, quarterings—in the Royal Arms. We do not allude to a hostelry of that title, but in the Imperial Emblazonment. We do no harm, although there is some slight provocation to cause a disturbance in the facts that the Irish harp is in the next lodging, and the Scottish lion is rampant on the floor—or should we say field?—above us. And our calm air of peacefulness is all the more praiseworthy as three others of our race, who are not one whit better than ourselves, are placed in front of us, leading the whole heraldic procession. Now for our grievance. Suddenly some gentleman, dating from the House of Commons, writes to the daily papers, and asks for our dismissal! We are to be turned out to make room for some double-headed monster representing India and the Colonies! The misguided individual who thus seeks to disturb our comfort proposes that the monster shall be a lion! Adding insult to injury! Why another lion? Surely there are enough

already. Besides, we know what a full-sized lion is like. Look at the Scottish lion. Of course, we must not speak ill of our neighbours, but cannot you see that he is playing an imaginary pair of bagpipes? If you don't hear the national instrument, it is because usually our flag is floating too high over your head to hear anything. And why should India and Australia be represented by a lion? India has made the tiger her own, and Australia the kangaroo. Besides, we do not care for lions in too great quantities. Strictly, between ourselves, we are not lions, but only leopards! No; if the Royal Arms must be disturbed, send the two-headed monster or the tiger and the kangaroo outside. Let them help the lion and the unicorn to support our dignity. If we know those two quarrelsome neighbours at all, we fancy they will make short work of them! They have not forgotten the days, we ween, when they "fought for the crown"—as all good subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, indeed, should and truly would.

One last reason for our retention. If we three lions in the last quarter were turned out, the other three lions in the first would mope for us. And all six of us look sufficiently melancholy as it is! So say a good word for us, and earn the gratitude of

Yours sincerely,
THE THREE LIONS IN THE
FOURTH QUARTERING.

Herald's College, E.C.

PLAINT OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

(After reading the Debate in the House of Commons on Sir H. Vincent's proposed Merchandise Marks Act Amendment Bill.)

Fragment from the new Comic (and Economic) Opera "Impatience."

British Trade sings:—

WHEN I first put that trade mark on
Foreign goods which for British would
pass,

I said, "I have hit on
A scheme every Briton
Will own is extremely first-class.
Foreign goods may have charms for the
fair,

But this mark will establish a scare.
The Merchandise Act is,
When put into practice,
Quite certain home trade to repair."
A fact that I counted upon,
When I popped "Made in Germany"
on!

Chorus of Foreign Traders.

By a funny coincidence few
Could ever have reckoned upon,
The same thing occurred to us, too,
When you first put that Trade Mark on.

I said, when I first put it on,
"It is plain to the veriest dunce,
Each foreign competitor
Now must regret it, or
Yield to its glamour at once!"
But, gracious! I argued in haste;
Foreign goods, when cheap, handsome
and chaste,
The buyer, though British
(Most selfishly skittish),
Found still very much to his taste.
Which I never counted upon,
When I first dabbed that trade mark
on!

Chorus.

By a curious difference you
Could hardly have counted upon,
We took quite an opposite view,
When you first popped that trade mark
on!

[Foreign Competitors go off joyously.

As soon as alone, British Trade changes her
manner and becomes intensely mournful.

Am I alone,
And unobserved? I am!
Then let me own
The trade mark is a sham!
VINCENT, I fear,
Is but a mere
Veneer!
TOM BOWLES's smile
Is but a wile
Of guile!
E'en JEMMY LOWTHER
Is just another.
Oh, bother!

Let me confess!

Parliament's use of foreign pencils frights
me!

"Faber, Bavaria"? RITCHIE's boldness
blights me!

Who cares what "Made in Germany"
means,

If gain he gleans?
True patriots would not buy Dutch
cheese,

Or Japanese.

But all that HOWARD VINCENT's Fair Trade
attitudes,

And patriot platitudes,
Of true "Protection" seem mere affecta-
tion.

"Protection" only will protect the na-
tion!



EXCESS LUGGAGE.

Elderly Lady (been out shopping, laden with purchases and very much out of breath). "BUT YOU 'AVE ROOM FOR ONE INSIDE."
Conductor. "ONE INSIDE'S ALL VERY WELL, MISSIS, BUT WE AIN'T A PANTHICKENIN FURNITURE REMOVAL VAN!"

THE PLAY-WRECKER'S VADE MECUM.

"I do not believe in 'organised opposition' on the first night of a new piece—the interruption comes from would-be wits in the pit and gallery."
Article in a Theatrical Magazine.]

Question. With what end in view do you accept an occupation that appears—on the first blush—to be neither amiable nor useful?

Answer. To gratify a strong desire for mischief at the cost of someone else's comfort, convenience and profit.

Q. Then you do not attempt to laugh a play off the boards merely to protect the interests of the drama?

A. Certainly not, for those interests are in far safer hands when they are guarded by managers who have their cash, and dramatic critics their reputation at stake in performing their duty to the British public.

Q. What is the duty of a manager to the British public?

A. To select, cast, and rehearse a play in such a manner that those who attend the performance shall have no reason to regret the money spent for admission to the auditorium.

Q. And what should be the object of the dramatic critic?

A. To write an article that the readers of the paper to which he is accredited shall find a faithful adviser in the choice of theatres with suitable entertainments.

Q. Is the work of these two servants of the public a pleasure?

A. That is a matter of chance, but it is certainly an affair of business.

Q. Then your action as a play-wrecker differs in one important particular from the duty of a manager and a professional critic?

A. Of course; as my object is merely to amuse myself, without counting the cost to the community.

Q. Does it require a profound knowledge of the stage to follow your calling?

A. Not at all; as my object is obtained by catching up some

unimportant line in the dialogue and turning it to account by casting it into ridicule.

Q. Will you give an illustration of your meaning?

A. Suppose that someone on the stage has to say, at the commencement of the last act, "I wish that this were over," then it would be my cue to answer, "And so do we."

Q. It does not matter, I suppose, whether the speech on the stage was appropriate to the dramatic situation?

A. Quite so. Whether the play is good or bad the retort will be equally effective.

Q. I see; then the omission of the stage-manager to cut out a risky line in an excellent play gives you an opportunity to endanger the fortunes of a work that may have cost years of thought and thousands of hard-earned money?

A. Very likely; but that is the fault of the authorities behind the curtain.

Q. And you know that the first thoughtless laugh may be followed by many others?

A. So I have observed; and, consequently, when I have made the first step in wrecking a play the remainder of the task is delightfully easy.

Q. I suppose you have not considered that the wreck of a play entails not only loss upon author and manager, but usually scores of breadwinners?

A. I have not given that matter much thought; but no doubt if actors, actresses, and the employees behind the scenes see the shutters up, they must look elsewhere for situations.

Q. And what benefit do you derive from having assisted to cause a *fiasco*?

A. The positive pleasure of enjoying a cruel laugh and the possible advantage of being considered a minor wit amongst small circle of acquaintances.

Q. Then, taking everything into consideration, and giving your reply as a representative of a fairly good-natured community of Englishmen, is the game quite worth the candle? *[No answer.]*

A SLIPPERY SUBJECT.

(Fragment (found floating) from the Diary of a Beginner.)

THE ice will bear. Not impossible that before these lines are in type (if they are ever printed), the sun will have broken out, the frost have disappeared, and nature will be smiling in cheerful spring-brought sunshine. But for the moment—the ice will bear.

My doctor tells me that exercise is everything for me. Well, as I weigh well, or rather badly, over fifteen stone, I require things on a large scale. My horses should be elephants, and if I took to cycling, the machine would have to be particularly strong in the framework. But this is not a question of horses or bikes. All I want is a pair of skates—I am told Caledonians, for choice—and there I am. But there is a certain drawback to my progress. I have never tried skating. Fact is, that whenever there was any ice available in my neighbourhood, the moment I made up my mind to put on skates, there commenced a thaw. So I have never had any practice—to speak of. Indeed, had I had any, there would have been a good deal to speak of painfully. But away with idle regrets, the ice will bear.

I am at the edge of the frozen water. My skates have been put on firmly, and I move forward. Come, this is excellent. I find I can stand on the blades. But not for more than five moments. A gust of wind catches me, and I move feebly forward. Then my right leg suddenly goes one way, and the left another. Then both heels ascend sharply, and down I come on my back. First fall for—or rather on—the ice. I get up, and having lost my hat, try to secure it with the assistance of my umbrella. I cannot rise, as when I put one foot firmly on the ice, the knee of the other leg topples over, and I find myself on all fours. However, at length I secure the hat and replace it on my head. My satisfaction is great, especially when I remember that the ice will bear.

I am assisted to rise by two kindly skaters who take pity on my forlorn condition. I find that I can walk a bit by standing on the sides of the skates. I am told that this is the wrong way, and once more put firmly—well, scarcely firmly—on my feet. I am on the centre of the pond. Or rather, I am a little nearer one bank than the other. There is safety in that nearer bank. The other is a shaky investment. I smile at the amusing thought—and stumble. This is no time for frivolity. I strike out nervously. My left leg behaves better than I could possibly have expected. The right comes up to the left. Both secure—as yet. Then the boisterous wind again makes sport of me. I am being borne along towards a placard bearing an inscription. I cannot control my actions. I have but one comfort left—the ice will bear. . . . No, it won't!

At Salt Hill.

(Fair American attends her first Meet of the Queen's Buckhounds.)

Fair American (after surveying the field). Guess we could match Queen Victoria's friends among poppa's employ-ees at Chicago.

[But, somehow or other, she contrives to make the acquaintance of a British Nobleman and a Baronet.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



VISCOUNT L-B-CH-RE OF TWICKENHAM.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, spotted before a beak several crafty mendicants exposed proper; 2nd, inside a westminster orle a british lion of rectitude dancetté on a charter componée, charged with little games sinister under a cloud proper; 3rd, on a ground party-coloured of revolt a primrose of nobility barred and erased; 4th, in a pillory an heraldic pigott displayed in contumely; over all, on an escutcheon the family coat of Baron Taunton. *Crest:* Issuant from a club (National Liberal), a hawk-eyed lynx rampant in his glory, gorged with a banquet for popularity. *Supporters:* Dexter, a classical figure representing Little England suitably attired, her defences somewhat neglected perhaps, statant on the pale of civilisation; sinister, an elector of northampton proper. *Second motto:* "Britannia needs no bulwarks—they come too expensive!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 25.

—At first sight there is nothing about HENRY HOWORTH that reminds one of *Falstaff*. Nor has WHITE RIDLEY quite the figure of *Prince Hal*. Yet to-night he fell quite naturally into the attitude of the light-hearted Prince on a famous occasion.

"Mark," said *Prince Hal*, when *Falstaff* had made an end of the detailed narrative of his fight with the men in buckram,

"Mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

On Friday PRINCE ARTHUR, knowing all the facts, burning with indignation at aspersions and insinuations which painted WHITE RIDLEY a black conspirator, flew at the astonished HOWORTH, banged him about the head, almost literally hustled him off premises. PRINCE ARTHUR so violently angry, people began to think there was something in the charge.

To-night HOME SECRETARY appears at table, unruffled, serene in the snowy whiteness of his innocence. Did not even turn aside for a moment to rap at HOWORTH or lament over JEMMY LOWTHER's latest lapse from line with old friends and colleagues on Treasury Bench. It had been said that RIDLEY's release of the dynamitards was

an encouragement to crime, that it had been accomplished in political collusion with the Irish Members. HOME SECRETARY simply said these things were not, and in few unadorned sentences substantiated his denial. Carried entire House with him, and though JEMMY LOWTHER tipped his hat further back over his broad brow, and smiled inscrutably, HOWORTH hastened to abandon his amendment.

A striking triumph this of force of moral character. There are, as SARK says, two personages for whom House of Commons has unerring scent. One is a humbug, the other an honest man.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY wandering about the corridors and lobby in strangely pensive mood. Committee Room No. 15, birthplace of a United Irish Party, has been once more the scene of interchange of fraternal feeling. Resolution carried which practically expels from the brotherhood TIM and those faithful to him. It is not this thunderclap that clouds his manly brow, that dims his eyes with unwonted moisture, and causes to quiver lips that sternly close when the figure of JOHN DILLON crosses his path. They might pass what resolutions they pleased, and TIM's stout heart would beat without tremor or

regret. There is worse than that, and TIM's voice falters as he tells the tale.

"After they passed the resolution," says he, "I got up and openly declared that I defied and despised its provisions. On resuming my seat, I wrote a polite request that this phrase should be entered on the formal minutes of the proceedings, and what do you think? They refused to do it."

Thus was the iron driven into TIM's soul. In a free country, at the close of the so-called nineteenth century, gathered within the precincts of the mother of Parliaments, the chairman, representing a majority of a meeting, actually declines at the request of one present to enter on the minutes the fact that the gentleman in the body of the room "defied and despised" conclusions arrived at by the said majority! That is the last straw breaking the stalwart back upon which has been piled contumely after contumely. It was not much to ask; a few scratches of the pen would have done it. JOHN DILLON, inebriate in the strength of his majority, stubbornly refused. So the die was cast, and TIM, perhaps not without generous tears, has finally severed the tie that bound him to his old associates. Now there are not two Irish Parties, but three Irish Parties, all hating each other for the love of Ireland.

"There's the Dillonites and the Redmondites; what will your Party be called?" I asked TIM.

"They'd better call us the Ishmaelites," he said; "I warrant we'll live up to the part."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Wednesday.—The House laughed noisily when RITCHIE jumped up just now, intercepted the lead pencil JEMMY LOWTHER was handing back to HOWARD VINCENT, and put it in his pocket. But there was a hollow ring in the laughter. There remains an uneasy feeling in reviewing the incident.

It arose in debate on Bill to amend Merchandise Marks Act. Early in its



Not Sir Alb-rt R-L-L-t, but Mr. Bh-w-n-gree, of Bethnal Green, walking into Sir W. Wedderburn, Naoroji and Co.

course, RITCHIE lent HOWARD VINCENT a lead pencil. (As marking the happily temporary, certainly deplorable, lapse of morality current, it may be mentioned that HOWARD VINCENT forgot to return the article.) In proof of the invasion of goods made in Germany, lead pencils were flashing forth in all directions. Ever was

found on them the mark of the Beast—"Made in Bavaria."

JEMMY LOWTHER, conscious of rectitude, fearless in his Protectionist principles, drew a pencil from his poke, and (in Parliamentary language, of course) offered to bet the SPEAKER two to one that it was English made. Fortunately for him, the bet not taken. JEMMY, examining his property, found that it also was made in Bavaria. In gallant attempt to cover his confusion, HOWARD VINCENT passed to him across Gangway another pencil bearing the same mark. JEMMY, having ascertained this fact, was handing the thing back, when up jumped President of the Board of Trade, made a dash at the pencil as aforesaid, and pocketed it.

"Then," said Mr. LOWTHER, in stern voice, "this is a pencil supplied to a Minister of the Crown?"

"No," said RITCHIE, trembling under his frown. "I got it in the library."

"Well," said the judicial JEMMY, involuntarily passing his hand over his head as if feeling for the Black Cap, "it is a pencil acquired by a Minister of the Crown, and I think a Minister of the Crown ought to acquire an English-made article."

How lovely is that word "acquire"! "Convey" the wise call it. "Acquire" is the way of putting it that occurs to the judicial mind of JEMMY LOWTHER when for a moment a shade hangs low over the moral character of a Minister of the Crown.

Business done.—HOWARD VINCENT'S Merchandise Marks Amendment Bill politely, but firmly, thrust forth.

Thursday.—Throughout occasional tumult of debate to-night on Lord PENRHYN's quarrel with his quarrymen, there sat on front bench of Peers' Gallery a tall figure with face inscrutably masked, stonily staring. At beginning of sitting, there was crowd of Peers. None spoke to the Masked Figure, nor it to them. It took its seat at question time, and with brief interval, when SPEAKER retired, it remained till eleven o'clock, when debate closed.

Nothing that passed in animated scene below brought a flicker of expression to the stony face. JONES of Arfon set forth case of quarrymen in speech of admirable tone, delivered with modest mien that quickly won sympathy of House. Lord PENRHYN's son and heir stumbled over monuments of manuscript in defence of his noble father. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT delivered brilliantly erratic speech on same lines. President of Board of Trade, jeered at from below Gangway, where the young Tory lions were conscious of approach of feeding time, defended action of his department. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD solemnly improved the occasion. PRINCE ARTHUR, troubled about many things, clawed viciously at the stately figure that had just resumed its seat on Front Opposition Bench.

So the discussion rolled on, sometimes monotonously meandering, oftener tumbling down turbulently like the waters at Lodore. Always the figure in the Peers' Gallery sat impassive, stonily staring.

Quite fascinated me. Asked SARK who it was.

"Lord PENRHYN," he whispered.

Business done.—Lively debate on the Penrhyn Quarry dispute.

Friday.—Great comfort to us all to have Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES constantly moored alongside Treasury Bench. His presence inspires feeling of confidence in any emer-

gency. Suppose a sudden vacancy either at the Treasury, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Board of Works—anywhere you please. There's the CAP'EN ready and



GETTING A SLATING.

Lord Penrhyn's Attitude! (A recollection of the Peers' Gallery during the Bethesda Debate.)

willing temporarily, or if the nation insists, permanently, to fill up vacancy.

To-night gave fresh assurance in new direction. House engaged in carrying South African Committee; got into a muddle as to whether number should be seventeen or fifteen; dilemma intensified by discovery that the motion as it stood on the paper proposed sixteen. SAUNDERSON, who fears nothing, grappled with difficulty for several moments. At last gave it up in despair. When House believed that, somehow or other, it had been settled, TIM HEALY brought it up in fresh phase.

All eyes turned towards SPEAKER. Right hon. gentleman slowly rose. Before he could open his mouth, the CAP'EN had tripped his anchor, slewed his forearm—"Four arm?" growls JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, "why, he's only got one"—ran his lee-scupper before the wind, and settled the whole matter.

"That is what I was about to say," meekly observed the SPEAKER, when the CAP'EN had signalled his message.

A generous but unfortunate admission. It may lead to the question being some day raised, Why not save the salary of the SPEAKER, entrusting his duties to the care of the CAP'EN?

Business done.—South African Committee appointed.

Walking Home from the Pantomime.

Little Chris (who usually goes to bed very early). Mamma, have all the angels been to Drury Lane to-night?

Mamma. No, darling. Why?

Little Chris (pointing to the stars). 'Cause they've kept the lamps up there lighted so late.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.



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